THE EVANSVILLE JOURNAL.

BY W. H. CHANDLER.] THE UNION OF THE WHIGS—FOR THE SAKE OF THE UNION. [WATER STREET, FOUR DOORS FROM MAIN.

VOL. X. EVANSVILLE INDIANA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1844. NO. 7.

SELECTIONS FROM THE LIFE OF HENRY CLAY.

Hanover County, Virginia, has the honor of being the place of his nativity, where he was born on the 12th April, 1777. By the death of his father, a Baptist clergyman, in 1781, he was left an orphan boy; poverty his only inheritance, Providence his protector and guide. He was, however, blessed with a mother who combined sound understanding to kind and amiable feelings. 'I knew her well,' said a distinguished gentleman, now in the Senate of the United States; "I knew her well, when a boy, and used to love to go to her house; she was an excellent woman; so kind, so indulgent, and always took such a motherly interest in the lads of her acquaintance; nothing she had was too good for us, and there was no stint in her measurement.

It is an evidence of the goodness of his heart that, in the privacy of the domestic circle, surrounded by those to whom he can unbosom himself, nothing so delights him as to recur to the scenes, the labors, the incidents, and the enjoyments of his boyhood; anecdotes of which he often relates with infinite humor and zest. This feeling gushes forth in his speech at Hanover, on the 10th of July, 1840, which he then visited for the first time after some forty three years' absence.' On that interesting occasion, surrounded by nearly the whole population of the county, who had assembled to welcome one, of whom they had heard so much, and was so proud as a native of their own county. Mr. Clay said:—"I have come here to the county of my nativity, in the spirit of a pilgrim, to meet, perhaps for the last time, the companions and the descendants of the companions of my youth. Wherever we roam, in whatever climate or land we are cast, by the accidents of human life, beyond the mountains or beyond the ocean, in the legislative halls of the capitol, or in the retreats and shades of private life, our hearts turn with an irresistible instinct to the cherished spot which ushered us into existence. And we dwell with delightful associations on the recollection of the streams in which, during our boyish days we bathed; and the fountains at which we drank, the piney fields, the hills and valleys where we sported, and the friends who shared those enjoyments with us. Alas! too many of these friends of mine have gone whither we must all shortly go, and the presence here of the small remnent left behind, attests both our loss and our early attachment. I would greatly prefer, my friends, to employ the time which this visit affords in friendly and familiar conversation on the virtues of our departed companions, and the scenes and adventures of our younger day; but the expectation which prevails, and the state of our beloved country, impose on me the obligation of touching on topics less congenial with the feelings of my heart, but possessed of higher public interest."

The farm which had belonged to his father was small, and its cultivation, which was continued by his mother, with young Harry's assistance, for several years, afforded the family but a scanty subsistance. But the labor performed on that peace of land sterile as it was, undoubtedly laid the foundation of that strong and vigerous constitution which has enabled Mr. Clay to perform such extraordinary labor through a long life of professional and public service, and to preserve unimpaired his mental and physical vigor. It also gave him a knowledge of farming operations and a taste for rural occupations, which have grown with his growth and strengthened with his years. "There is not," said a gentleman to me, who for many years has been his neighbor and friend, "there is not a better farmer in the western country, than Mr. Clay; and there is no better judge of cattle, horses and stock generally; nor is there a man in Kentucky who manages his farm to better advantage."

His mother married again in 1792, and removed with her husbad to Kentucky, leaving him, "a boy of fifteen years of age, in the office of the High Court of Chancery, in the city of Richmond, without a guardian, without pecuniary means of support, to steer his course as he might or could." The education of the mass has never been attended to in Virginia and other southern states, nor indeed, in all of the northern in the manner its importance demands; but in those days there were even less facilities of acquiring a common school education, than exist at the present day. Circumstanced as young Harry was, he had few opportunities of improving his mind by means of instruction; for him the "schoolmaster" was rarely "abroad."—Usually the children of the wealthy were instructed by private teachers brought into the family; hence, the poor unable thus to acquire an education, were but scantily supplied even with the common rudiments of learning. While in the High Court of Chancery he felt the want of that education of which poverty had deprived him, and availed himself of the opportunity to supply, as far as it was in his power to do so, his deficiency.

But if he owed little to the schoolmaster, he was deeply indebted to a bounteous Providence for an understanding clear and powerful; a disposition social, lively and winning; and a deportment, easy, manly and impressive. It might with truth be said,

"The elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This is a man.*"

Obscure, oppressed by poverty, at first unknown, with no friend to whom he could look for counsel or assistance, there must have been moments when the orphan felt the loneliness of his situation, and with those inward longings and aspirations which a powerful mind could not but have occasionally prompted, he must have sometimes exclaimed, in bitterness of spirit,

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
* * * *
Check'd by the scoff of pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar!"

But povetry in vain opposed to him her "bar." In the Chancery office he had occasionally to transact business with some of the most distinguished men then at the Virginia bar, and on her bench. Henry Clay was not made to pass through the world unnoticed: place him in a crowd of thousands and though entirely unknown, his commanding manner and marked features would soon attract attention and inspire respect. He was no more designed by Providence,

"In lifes low vales remote to time alone,
Then drop into the grave unpitied and unknown,"

than a Cæsar, a Napoleon, or a Chatham.—Such master spirits do no sit down and pine nor give way to despondency. They are as conscious of a power to rise upon the strength of their own powerful wing, and by their own unaided energies, as the eagle that soars aloft in the blue vault of heaven. It was his good fortune to attract the notice and win the friendship of Chancellor Wythe and Governor Brooke, by whose persuasion at the age of nineteen, he commenced the study of law, and read chiefly in the office of the latter, then Attorney General of the State, and, under the auspices of the former, for whom he acted as Private Secretary. The friendship of these men of eminent worth and abilities, he retained to the latest day of their lives,—no slight evidence that he possessed a spirit and principles congenial with their own, and that they found in him that which great and good men can admire.

Young Clay, for we must no longer call him "the orphan boy," was licenced to practice law by the judges of the Court of Appeals in Virginia, in 1797, when he was but 20 years of age. He had now to select a place to locate himself;

"The world was all before him, and where to choose
And Providence his guide."

His only surviving parent had been five years settled near Lexington, Kentucky, and it is probable that filial affection had no little influence in directing his steps to the west.—The state was then new, and he doubtless saw a field where he could put in his plough and sickle, and gather a harvest. But if he calculated on finding a bar destitute of able lawyers and eloquent advocates he was much deceived; for, new as the country was, the bar at Lexington, where he settled, was at that time distinguished for the eminent ability of its members. His aspirations were at this time, however, extremely moderate, for he has himself said that he remembered how comfortable he thought he should be if he could make 100*l* Virginia money, ($333 00) a year; and with what delight he received the first fifteen shilling fee!

But Mr. Clay had no sooner appeared in one or two causes, than business flowed in upon him so rapidly, that in less than a year from his entrance into the State, he had an extensive and lucrative practice. The people of Kentucky, proverbially warm hearted, generous, and susceptible of strong emotions love those who possess the same qualities. Mr. Clay was a man after their own hearts; and at once they took him to their bosoms, and cherished him with as fond a regard and with as unalterable an attachment, as if he had been "to the manor born," instead of an adopted son. He came to the state fatherless penniless, and with the exception of a few he had left behind him, friendless. She proved to him a parent, friend, and benefactor; has he not repaid her with more than filial attachment?

His career at the bar was brilliant and successful. Possessing an intuitive knowledge of men, and master of the human passions; with a voice, at his bidding sweet as the silver toned flute, or loud and powerful as the trumpet blast, alternately indulging in wit, irony, pleasantry pathos, and indignation—no wonder the heart was in his hands a pipe he could sound from the lowest note to the top of its compass, and that his influence over juries was unprecedented and irresitible. But we have little to do with Henry Clay the lawyer and the advocate it is in a higher sphere of life we must now view him.

I have dwelt thus upon the early part of Mr. Clay's life, because, though less brilliant and less known than his public career, for one I feel a stronger sympathy and love for "the orphan boy," in the russet garb of poverty, following the plough, or struggling, unaided and alone, at the age of fifteen, for a scanty subsistance as a humble clerk, than I do for the Statesman and Legislator. But it is as a public character we are now to view him. The youth may be uninteresting to individuals, but the nation in only concerned in the MAN, his capacities, his labors, his principles, and his influence upon public measures.

As early as 1798 Mr. Clay took an active and, for so young a man, a prominent part in the questions which then agitated the people. One of these was the propriety of providing, by the Constitution then about to be formed for the gradual emancipation of the slaves, and the abolition of slavery in that State. In this controversy his pen and his voice were enlisted in behalf of liberty. He looked upon slavery as an evil entailed upon the people, of which some measure ought to be adopted gradually to relieve the country. This advocacy of the emancipation of the blacks by a process intended to accomplish it in a manner not injurious or unjust to those who held that species of property, rendered him for a time unpopular; the owners of slaves considering him inimical to their interests.—Though his exertions in this philanthropic cause proved unavailing, yet he has ever adhered to the principals he then avowed, and endeavored to carry them out through the means of the Colonization Society, of which he was one of the prineipal founders, and has been, since the death of venerable Chief Justice Marshall, President. His desire was, and has ever been, to do justice to the blacks but not injustice to the whites.

THE LAST SCENE IN MAJ. JONES' COURTSHIP—AN EXAMPLE FOR YOUNG FOLKS TO FOLLOW.

PINEVILLE, Feb. 24, 1843.

TO MR. THOMPSON—Dear Sir:—I am too happy and no mistake—the twenty second of February is over, and the 'consummation so devoutly to be wished for,' is tuck place. In other words I's a married man! I am in no situation to tell you all how the thing tuck place, not by no means, and if it wosn't my promis, I dont believe I could keep away from my wife long enough to write you a letter. Bless her little sole, I did'nt think I loved her half as good as I do; but to tell you the rale truth, I do believe I've been almost out of my senses ever since nite afore last. But I must be short this time, while the gals is plagin Mary in tother room. They are so bad.

I had the licens got more'n a week ago, and old Mr. Estman brung home my weddin suite just in time. Mother would make me let cousin Pete wait on me, and Miss Kesinh was bride's-made. Mother and old Miss Stallions had every thing ranged in fust rate style long afore the time arriv, and nothing was wanten but your company to make every thing complete.

Well, bout sundown cousin Pete come round to my room whar we rigged out for the occasion, and I don't believe I ever seed him look so good but if he'd jest tuck off them bominable grate big sorrel whiskers of his, he'd looked a monstrous site better. I put on my yaller breches and blue cloth cote, and white satin jacket, and my new beaver hat, and then we druv round to old Square Rogerses and took him into the carriage and away we went to old Miss Stallionses plantation. When we got thar, thar was a most everlastin gathering thar waitin to see the ceremony, afore they ate supper.—Every body look'd glad and old Miss Stallions was flyin about like she didn't kpow which end she stood on.

[illegible] Joseph, ses she, the gals is in tother room.'

But I could'nt begin to get in tother room for the fellers all pullin and haulin and shaken the life out o' me to tell me how glad they was.

'Howdy, Majer, howdy,' ses old Mr. Beers 'I give you joy,—yer gwine to marry the flower o' the country, as I always sed. She's a monstrous nice gal, Majer.'

'That's a fact,' says Mr. Skinner, 'that's a fact, and I hope you will be a good husband to her, Joseph; and that you'll have good luck with your little——.'

'Thank ye, thank ye gentlemen—come along cousin Pete,' ses I, as quick as I could get away from 'em.

The door to the other room was opened and in we went. I never was so struck all up in a heap afore—there sot Mary with three or four more gals, beautiful as an angel and blushin like a rose. When she seed me she kind o' smiled and sed 'good evenin.' I could'nt say a word for my life more'n a minit. There sot the dear gal of my hart, and I could'nt help but think to myself what an infernal cus a man must be who could marry her and then make her unhappy by treaten her mean; and I determined in my sole to stand atween her and the storms of the world, and to love her, and take care of her, and make her happy, as long as I lived. If you could jest seen her as she was dressed then, and if you wan't a married man, you could'nt help but envy my luck, after all the trouble I's had to get her. She was dressed jest to my liken, in a fine white muslin frock with short sleeves and white satin slippers, with her hair all hanging over her snow white neck and shoulders, in beautiful curles, without a single breastpin or any kind of juelry cept a little white satin bow on the top of her head. Bine-by Miss Caroline cum in the room.

'Cum, sis, they's all ready,' ses she, and thar was grate big tears in her eyes, and she went and gave Miss Mary a kiss in her mouf and hugged her a time or two.

We all got up to go. Mary trembled monstrous, and I felt sort o' fainty myself, but I didn't feel nothin like cryin.

When we got into the room whar the company was, old Squire Rogers stopped us rite in the middle of the floor and axed us for the licens. Cousin Pete handed 'em to him and he red 'em out loud to the people who was still as deth. After talking a little he went on—

'If enny body's got enny thing to say why this couple should'nt be united in the holy bands of wedlock,' ses he, "let 'em now speak or always afterwards hold their peace—

'Oh my lord! oh my darlin daughter! oh hear, laws a massy!' ses old Miss Stallions as loud as she could squall, a clappin her hands and cryin and shouten like she was at a camp meetin.

'Thunder and lightnin! thinks I, here's another yearth quake. But I held on to Mary, and was termined that nothin short of a real bust up of all creation should get her from me.

'Go ahead, Squire,' says Cousin Pete, 'it aint nothin.

Mary blushed dreadful, and seemed like she would drop on the flore.

Miss Caroline cum and whispered somethin to her, and mother and two or three other old wimmin got old Miss Stallions to go in tother room.

The Squire went through the balance of the business in a hurry, and me and Mary was made flesh of one bone and bone of one flesh before the old woman got over her highstericks. When she got better, she cum to me and hugged me and kissed me as hard as she could rite afore 'em all, while the old codgers in the room was salutin the bride as they called it. I did'nt like that part of the ceremony at all, and wanted to change with them monstrous bad; but I reckon I've made up for it since.

After the marryin was over we all tuck supper, and the way old Miss Stallionses table was kivered over with good things was astonishin. After playin and frolickin till ten o'clock, the bride's cake was cut, and sich a slice was never baked in Georgia afore. The Stallionses bein Washintonians, thar wasn't no wine, but the cake want bad to take just so.—Bout 12 o'clock the cumpany begun to cut out home, all of 'em jest as sober as when they cum.

I had to shake hands with 'em all, and tell 'em all good night.

"Good night cousin Mary," ses Pete—"good night Majer," ses he, "I spose you aint gwine back to town to night," and then he bust rite out in a big laff, and away he went.

That's jest the way with Pete, he's a good feller enuff, but he aint got no better sense.

Mary ses she's sorry she couldn't send you no more cake, but Mr. Montgomery's saddle bags wouldn't hold half she wrapped up for you. Don't forget to put our marriage in the papers.

No more from
Your friend till deth,
JOS. JONES.

EMMET AND HIS LOVE.

Now for the last sad look,
The last faint, cold embrace;
The latest kiss my love may print
Upon her lovely face.
* * * * * *
Aye, bear her from my sight,
The bitterness is past;
But yet one charge my spirit leaves—
A dying one—the last!
Oh! bid her love my name
Through death, through infamy and shame.

In reading the history of ill-fated Ireland, [illegible] does the heart turn sick of bloody scenes and murders, to the simple and touching incidents that adorn the lives of those whose daring and minghty deeds stands as a record of chivalry upon the brightest page of the annals of the world. When the mind becomes diseased and careworn in contemplating the bloody transactions of the battle field, and the wrangling of the council chamber, with what transport and joy it leaves them to meditate on the fine affections and amiable attributes of the inner man, and pore over the scenes where "love and death," hath sorrowful meeting.

Robert Emmet was a celebrated lawyer and statesman of Ireland. During the struggle for independence he stood foremost on the forum and in the field for the liberty of his native country. He was the idol of Ireland.

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."

Naturally of a warm and ardent temperament, with a heart glowing with patriotism, and a soul fired with the wrongs and wretchedness of his country, oh! is it marvel that he stepped forth in her darkest hour, and swore upon the altar of freedom that his countrymen should have their liberty, or he would pour out his heart's blood in the cause. Unfortunately he was betryed by his enemies, convicted of the crime of treason and sentenced to be executed.

'Twas the evening of a lovely day—the last day for the noble and ill-fated Emmet.—A young lady stood at the castle gate and desired admittance into the dungeon. She was closely veiled, and the keeper could not imagine who she was, nor why one of such haughty bearing could be an humble supplicant at the prison door. However, he granted her boon, led her to the dungeon, opened the massive iron door, then closing it again, and the lovers were alone. He was leaning against the prison wall with a downcast head, and his arms were folded on his breast. Gently she raised the veil from her face, and Emmet turned to gaze upon all the world contained for him—the girl whose sunny brow in the days of boyhood had been his polar star—the maiden who had sometimes made him think "the world was all sunshine." The clanking of the heavy chains sounded like a deathknell to her ears, and she wept like a child. Emmet said but little, yet he pressed her warmly to his bosom, and their feelings held a silent meeting—such a meeting, methinks, as is only held in heaven, only there we part no more. In a low voice he besought her not to forget him when the cold grave received his body. He spoke of bygone days—the happy hours of childhod—when his hopes were bright and glorious, and he concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the places that were hollowed by his memory from the earliest days of infancy, and though the world pronounce his name with scorn and contempt, oh! he prayed she would cling to him with affection, and remember him when all others should forget. Hark! the church bell sounded, and he remembered the time of execution. The turnkey entered, and after dashing a tear from his eye, he seperated them from their long embrace, and led the lady from the dungeon. At the entrance she turned, and their eyes met—they could not say farewell—the door swung upon its heavy hinges, and they parted forever. No, not forever. Is there no heaven?

"And one—o'er her myrtle showers,
Its leaves by soft winds fanned;
She faded, midst Italian flowers—
The last of that fair band."

'Twas in the land of Italy—it was the gorgeous time of sunset in Italy—what a magnificent scene! A pale emaciated girl laid upon her bed of death. Oh! was it hard for her to die, far from her home, in this beauttful land, where flowers bloom perennial and the blamy air comes freshly to the pining soul. Oh! no—her star had set; the brightness of her dream had faded; her heart was broken. When ties have been formed on earth, close, burning ties, what is more heart-rendering and agonizing to the spirit, than to find at last the beloved one is snatched away, and all our love is given to "passing flowers." Enough she died the betrothed of Robert Emmet, the lovely Ellen Curran. Italy contains her last remains—its flowers breathe their fragrance over her grave, and the lulling tones of the sheperd's lute sound a requiem to her memory.

LECTURING A LEGISLATOR.

We had a friend once who was elected to the legislature. He was the popular candidate and ran in by an immense majority. He was one of those fortunate young fellows who have the luck to win every body they meet, and friends throughout the country were legion. It was years ago, and quite a forgotten thing with us, but the reminisence springs up, and we mean now to record it.

Poor Jerry has been dead many years; but it seems to us at this moment as fresh a matter as anything that took place yesterday, his meeting us one morning at the post office, just after his election, when he found his box packed most unusually full of letters, papers and packages of all kinds. It took all the change we had between us to liberate the letters, and then one, after another, Jerry exhibited to us the favors of his new correspondents, which we can only imitate under assistance of a vivid recollection.

One was from a man who had invented a machine for dispersing mobs without the aid of constables—a sort of 'infernal machine,' warranted to scatter terror wherever it was made to appear. His letter ran something in this wise. Date and locality are of no consequence:—

THE HON JERRY———,

Dear Sir—Be cautious of one thing when you take your seat. You are young and need advice. Don't meddle with canal questions at all—mind, I say *at all!* I am one of your constituents, sir, and wish you to understand my views. When you arrive here at———you may communicate with me personally and command my assistance in any move your are about to make. I want the legislature to take notice of my machine, which they have heretofore neglected; you will of course allow a subject of such importance to rest no longer without the attention it deserves.

Your Friend and Constituent,
SOLOMON SELF-SUFFICIENT.

Another was very much like the following:—

DEAR SIR—I am going to keep the Hotel here now, and I want you when you come to bring me some settees and cane-bottomed chairs—plain and pretty strong—for my dining room—which you know the same. Please bring them—say four dozen—and I will pay.

Yours, truly,
JOHN CARTER.

P. S. Also, six dozen spit boxes.

Another was about like this:—

DEAR JERRY—I don't know you yet personally, but I electioneered for you strong, and you'll soon find me out when you come here.

Will you hunt about the city before you leave and find me something dashing and peculiar in the shape of a cravat—something of the latest—will you?

Will you ask Tom Toddle—of course you know him—to send me up here for a few weeks his white spotted pointer, JOSEY?

Will you bring the dog along with you? Will you? Bless you!

Yours, my boy, yours,
BOB BRILLIANT.

Jerry's next letter was from an aunt, a piece of feminine purity who was an old maid and used to pinch him when he wore frock and trousers; Jerry remembered it:—

MY DEAR NEPHEW—Now is the time that you need all the care and counsel of your friends. Don't, my dear boy, don't—*don't* mix yourself up with those degraded men who are going against the Piety Swamp Enterprise. Come to me, my darling Nephew, and let me advise you. I will devote myself to your good. Let me see you instantly on your arrival here.

Your affectionate Aunt,
REBECCA RIGID.

So was the new Legislator lectured, in the coolest and most confident manner, by dozens of dear friends who had never written a line to him before, It is pleasant to be a member of the legislature! We must give another sample:

DEAR SIR—I hope you have not yet promised your votes for Messenger and Door-keeper. If you have I trust you will do me the favor to make the matter a subject for reconsideration. I have myself promised the offices, and shall reckon upon your votes.—You will please oblige me.

Yours, respectfully,
DAVID DICTATE.

Poor Jerry! One of his jokes we have never forgotten. A rival candidate for the House, who had been twice defeated, declare that he would announce his name again and again, and continue a standing candidate until he would be elected.

Jerry said he thought the man's chance as a *standing* candidate was very good, and decidedly better than as a *running* one!—Poor Jerry!—*N. O. Pic.*

WABASH AND ERIE CANAL.

Our attention has lately been called to a memorial to Congress in circulation here praying for a grant of land to continue the Wabash and Erie canal from the Feeder Dam on Eel river to Evansville on the Ohio and we must confess that we have been struck with some of the details, and forcibly impressed with the great importance of the work, not only in a national point of view, but as it regards the future interests of Indiana.

It appears from the memorial that the State has already expended on the work $517,092—that the heaviest part of the work, viz: on the embankment on White river and the deep cuting on Patoca have been nearly finished—that twenty miles of the canal from Evansville to the feeder dam on Pigeon Creek are finished, and that but little over a million of dollars will complete the work—making an internal communication from Toledo on the Maumee Bay to Evansville on the Ohio river, a distance of about five hundred and fifty miles, presenting one of the cheapest and most direct routes from the Lakes to the Valley of the Mississippi which can be made—that in the Vincennes Land District, from which a grant of land is preyed, the lands have been subject to sale since March 1804, a period of *thirty-six years* and that there yet remained unsold in that Land District 1,635,134 73-100 acres, and that of this quanty of land only $16,253 in value were sold the year ending September 30th 1843 and beginning Sept. 30th 1842, yielding to the government only about $14,000 for the year's sale

We add to the above statements of the memorial, another fact which, as it regards the interests of the State of Indiana, we deem of the utmost importance, that is,—the fact that when the work is completed we believe the tolls will go very far towards the payment of the interest of the State debt, if they do not entirely extinguish it. The canal completed from the Lake to the Ohio, and we believe it will yield an annual revenue equal at least to $500,000. In every point of view this great interest recommends itself to the attention and earnest efforts of all our citizens, and we call on the members of the General Assembly, on our private citizens and especially our members in Congress to speak in an earnest tone in behalf of the objects of this memorial.

RELIGION.—The following short and beautiful quotation, is from the pages of the elegant, the benevolent, the inspired Mackenzie.—Speaking of those who profess a disbelief in religion, he expressed himself in the following heart-touching manner:

"He who would undermine those foundations upon which the fabric of our future hope is reared—seeks to beat down that column which supports the feebleness of humanity: let him but think a moment, and his heart will arrest the cruelty of his purpose. Would he pluck its little treasure from the bosom of poverty? Would he wrest its crutch from the hand of age, and remove from the eye of affliction the solace of its woe? The way we tread is rugged, at best; we tread it, however, lighter by the prospect of the better country to which, we trust, it will lead. Tell us not it will end in the gulf of eternal dissolution, or break off in some wild, which fancy may fill up as she pleases; but reason is unable to delineate; quench not that beam which, amidst the night of this evil world, has cheered the despondency of ill-acquired worth and illumined the darkness of suffering virtue."

NEW YORK POLICE.—*Disturbing a Petit Court.—Clerk*—Put John Austin at the bar. Where's John Austin?

Prisoner—'Ere I ham, sir.

Recorder—You're charged here, John Austin, with lifting a petticoat.

Prisoner—What, me! your 'onor? Me? Why, there haint a more morraller man in the country, your 'onor!—(laughter.) Now don't come that, your 'onor. You'll make me blush. I wish you hadn't said that—(laughter.)

Recorder—Such is the charge. How came you to do it?

Prisoner—What! me, your 'onor! Why I never did sich a thing! I never lifted a 'oman's petticoat in my life. (Laughter.) I scorns the act! Now, don't come that, your 'onor!

Court—What have you to say against this charge of stealing the woman's petticoat, if you like that term better?

Prisoner—(Grinning.) Oh, your 'onor, you've taken a load off my 'art! I thought you meant someat else; but I'm as hinnocent of this charge as t'other one.

Court—Well, there's no witness against you, so you are discharged; but don't be caught meddling with petticoats again.—[Laughter.]

Prisoner—Oh, your 'onor! now dont come that!

WONDERFUL CAVE IN IOWA.—In the lead district, within a few miles of the town of Dubuque, is a cave lately discovered, which abounds in inexhaustible quantities of rich lead ore. Some of the apartments, it is said are beautiful, full of spar and other formations. In one section, the cavern extends to an unknown distance; it has been traveled three miles without any signs of its termination, or without the sight of walls on either side. Compared to this, the Mammoth cave of Kentucky, and other subterranean wonders, dwindle into littleness.